Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.
He rings him by the eares
Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrrah villaine.
Enter Hortensio
Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
Petr. A senceless villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauor'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.
Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Grue. Nay looke you sir, he tels you flatly what his minde is: Why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she haue as many diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farr in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo